



Back in the day...

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Do you recognize this week's Back in the Day photo? If so, drop us a note at The Journal. Your efforts will be rewarded.

Ten years ago October 19, 2011

A large crowd attended 'Salute to Ruth', a Sunday afternoon concert at TCHS to honor Ruth Slaughter, who was retiring after 36 years of serving as accompanist for the East Prairie and TCHS music programs.

Leslie Borries was named the TCHS September Rotary Student of the Month.

TCHS seniors Lauren Ocva and Philip Meyer were chosen as this year's DAR/SAR recipients. They were honored alongside other Douglas County DAR/SAR recipients at a luncheon on February 11, 2021.

Tuscola Cub Scouts held their annual "pumpkin chucking" event at Wimple Park where scouts got the chance to pull the rope and launch their own pumpkin.

Douglas County Courthouse employees took part in a "Think Pink Day" on October 14, 2011, where they all donned their best pink gear and raised funds for the American Cancer Society.

The Tuscola Warriors football team defeated Meridian 46-6 in their Friday night game. The current season record was 6-2.

Twenty years ago October 16, 2001

A daytime robbery at Zales Jewelry at the Factory Stores at Tuscola left Tuscola Police on the hunt for Regionald Hicks of Chicago.

John Huffer was having the eventful 2001 after being named the Great Lakes Grand Masters physique champion. He qualified for this competition after winning the State Grand Masters in April.

Wienke's Warriors continued on in their winning streak by dropping the Arthur-Lovington Knights 28-12. The offense racked up 22 first downs for 335 yards for the night.

The Tuscola Warriors JV team moved on to a perfect season after knocking off the Villa Grove Blue Devils 46-9. Austin Hogue carried the ball for 102 yards and three touchdowns.

Thirty years ago October 15, 1991

Jeannie Weinland and Dan Craddock were proud to announce their engagement and upcoming marriage.

Local scouts were preparing to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Nunn Scout Building with an open house. The building was dedicated Oct. 29,

1966, with Vern Wright serving as the master of ceremonies.

The Tuscola volleyball team continued on its winning ways by winning the Casey-Westfield tournament. Having lost only one match all year, the girls gave their all to both Brownstown and Casey in all three games.

The Warriors rallied once again to defeat the Sullivan Redskins 30-28 after coming from behind. Pat Pierce led the way offensively with 202 yards rushing on 37 carries and defensively with 14 tackles, nine of them solo.

Forty years ago October 20, 1981

The Douglas County American Cancer Society exceeded its goal of \$14,300, netting \$15,862.07 from its annual door-to-door crusade.

Officer Mark Bartholomew of the Tuscola Police Department earned two of three top honors during his training period at the Illinois State Police Academy. He was elected class president by fellow class members and claimed top marksmanship award.

Tuscola Rotarian Clarence Snyder won the Closest to the Pin award on the 220-yard third hole at Case, during the annual

Rotary District golf tournament.

The Douglas County Rural Health Board was the recipient of a \$296,000 grant from the federal government to find ways to improve the quality of health care in the Moultrie-Douglas area.

Fifty years ago October 14, 1971

Jami Huber placed first in equestrian competition at the Illinois State Fair with Eternal Alyce, while competing in a field of 32. Sister Jo Huber placed fourth with Wagon Lee, while another sister, Johnne, placed fifth with Jag's Rockella. Jo also received second place with Wagon Lee in a class of 19 entries for showmen ages 14 and under.

As part of the diamond anniversary of the Tuscola Immanuel Lutheran Church, members of the congregation were planning a 21-day tour of the Holy Land and Europe.

Tuscola was chosen as the site for the 1972 state senior division Little League tournament.

Tuscola High School FFA chapters captured high team and individual honors at a soil judging contest. Craig Romine was the high individual of the contest.

Holding It All Together

The Boys Of Summer

by Amy McCollom



Well, it's finally October. You know what that means... baseball's finest hour. Oh, were you thinking pumpkins and black cats? Sorry. I'm talking about World Series time!

So who is your team? I personally am a Cubs fan, ever since I fell in love with a cute short-stop named Larry Bowa when I was 12 years old. But I married a Cardinals fan, so that was awkward. But we keep the peace by rooting for our teams like normal, as long as they aren't playing each other. We keep the peace, for the most part. My kid cleared it up the other day when I overheard him tell a friend, "I'm a Cub-nals fan. We like both teams in this house."

Rally shirts, rally hats; there is no magic in baseball. I'm smart enough to know that, but it doesn't stop me from occasionally flicking my fingers at the t.v. screen and whispering "miss" in

hopes that the other team can be influenced by some sort of wishful thinking. Is that horrible of me?

Isn't it strange, though, how we join ourselves with a team to the point that we talk about them in first person like we are one of them? "We won!" "Oh man, we almost had them!" "Can you believe how we did today?" As if by sitting on our couch watching our plasma screen, and shouting comments at the bad players, that we are part of the team.

When we become fans, we essentially do join ourselves to that team, thus say psychologists, and it's healthy to a point. As long as you still function in a normal life, work, pay your bills, eat, and take care of yourself, there is nothing wrong with being a fan. We all need to belong to a group, and being a fan certainly joins us with a group of people who are just like us, enthusiastic about

one thing: our team! So go for it! It's fun to be part of a team!

Well, actually I was only on one baseball team in my life. That's probably a good thing. It wasn't too pretty. Or fun. I think it was softball, actually. I was ten, what did I know? I didn't even know that the ball glove my mom got for my sister and I to share was really a catcher's mitt. It was for my right hand, but I'm right-handed. I played right field, way out where the dandelions grow. It was a good place to daydream because the ball never came out that far. My favorite part of the whole season was the pizza party at the end. But now I like watching baseball. It's so much more fun for me than actually playing it.

For whatever reason, we love the team we love. We watch through the season, we hear the crack of the bat, keep an eye on the bullpen, look for the best closers and

rookies, then before we know it, the pennant race is won. Now it's playoff time, but if your team didn't make it, pick one to root for anyway. Join with another friend or family member and root for their team now. In case you don't know, the last eight teams are:

Boston Red Sox vs Tampa Bay Rays,

Chicago White Sox vs Houston Astros,

Milwaukee Brewers vs Atlanta Braves,

Los Angeles Dodgers vs San Francisco Giants

The World Series is still one of the most exciting series in sports. It's inspiring, a celebration of excellence, positive entertainment, family friendly, strengthens family and friend connections, and honors perseverance. Plus there's no crying in baseball. So, what's not to like?

Baseball truly is America's pastime. It is America's first pro sport, and for generations, has continued to bring excitement, nostalgia, and simple fun to us all. Good luck to the "boys of summer." May this October bring out the beast in you all.



HumankindNESS

A Stitch In Time

By: Jennifer Richardson

I received a wall clock in the mail a few weeks ago, and I will probably always remember the day it was delivered.

Black trim around a twenty inch circular clock face frames the old fashioned second and minute hands. The face itself is a calm eggshell color, and includes additional features like temperature and humidity gauges. After placing the required batteries into the back of the timepiece, it was soon improving the look and usefulness of the wall just above our hall tree.

I like it very much. I am doubly pleased with the clock as I ordered it online and really did not have a chance to see it in person before the purchase price was whisked right out of my checking account. And bonus, it was delivered in a timely manner.

My satisfaction with my new wall clock and my slightly celebratory feeling each time I check it for the time--is really not what I will remember about its arrival.

On the day the clock was delivered, my husband was home for just a few moments over his lunch hour, and he kindly took some of his limited time to hang it. In my haste to get it unwrapped in order to have his immediate assistance, I took very little care with the box or the inner wrapping packed inside to protect the contents. By the time the clock was hung in the dining room there was quite a mess on the table.

Torn cardboard, used tape, bubble wrap, and pieces of styrofoam literally covered my seats--ten-easily-and-often dining room table. I mean most of the packing styrofoam was in cottage cheese sized pebbles everywhere. Those little pebbles that disintegrate into ever smaller pieces when touched, that seem impossible to gather up and clear away because they stick to everything. I was contemplating whether to use wet rags to try to collect the annoying white crumbs from the tabletop and floor, when I heard the voice of my seven-year-old granddaughter, Audrey.

Granny! This is the stuff inside bean bag chairs! Can we make a bean bag chair for my Barbies? She walked toward the messy table and never took her eyes off of the white, lumpy piles of debris.

The wonder in her gaze was irresistible, and I said, you are right lovie, this does look like the stuff inside bean bag chairs. Pick up the little pieces with me and we will give bag-making a try. She quickly tried to help collect the clumps and somehow we hand-shoveled enough to almost fill a gallon ziplock bag.

While she was clearing enough space on the table for us to work, I was quickly looking up easy patterns for home-stuffed bean bags. I found one much larger than our Barbies would need, but I eye-ball scaled it down to accommodate what we needed.

She ran to her room to grab her bag of fabric scraps from her seamstress Aunt Amber, and soon she had picked out two contrasting fabrics she liked. We cut fabric into shapes reasonably close to what the pattern looked like, threaded our mending needle, and got down to business.

I helped her with sewing some stitches, and pinning our fabric pieces together, but mostly she supervised and waited for the big moment when she could stuff the tiny bag. She was back and forth bringing several Barbie dolls to help us check size and shape, finally the moment came and she stuffed that bean bag with most of the styrofoam pieces we had collected.

She tested and retested the diminutive bean bag with various dolls and stuffed in more pebbles until she pronounced the creation just right. I sewed up the remaining seam to lock in the wayward filling. Our creation was complete. Every Barbie she owns was given a turn on the colorful bean bag seat. We took pictures of each doll as they perched. She loved it.

Her next move was finding just the right spot for it in her dollhouse. From the dining room, I could hear her delightful narration of how much her dolls appreciated their new and comfy seating, and how they would need to take turns and share.

I smiled to myself as I finally cleaned up the remaining unpacking debris. Our creation was a lumpy, unevenly stitched, turquoise and magenta pink, small bag of previously scattered styrofoam pieces. A real seamstress would have chuckled. But she loved that bean bag. And she loved the making of it, and so did I.

I glanced upward at my new, but nearly forgotten wall clock, and was shocked to see that two hours had passed while we collaborated on our spontaneous project. Seeing her excitement, feeling inspired to do a little something I had never done, elbow to elbow and eye to eye with a determined and delightful grandchild, it had been such a precious couple of hours.

That clock. Simple, nothing digital or modern in sight. But each glance at it has reminded me of that day. The clock gave me time. Cherished time and treasured memories.



The Night Sky

By David Leake

Retired Planetarium Director of
Staerke Planetarium at Parkland College,
Co-Founder of the
Champaign-Urbana Astronomical Society, Inc

October 13-19

Tonight, use your pointer finger to trace a line from Venus (the brightest "star" in the southwest) through the Moon, and then to Saturn and Jupiter, thus marking the plane of the solar system. The solar system is relatively flat, like a pancake. From our point of view on the Earth, the planets appear to follow a particular path in the sky we call the "ecliptic." You can trace this path in coming weeks. The Moon makes a nice triangle with Jupiter and Saturn tomorrow evening, with Saturn to the upper right of the Moon. Have your eyes (maybe armed with binoculars) on Venus on Saturday evening as it will appear very close to the star Antares. The two won't be this close again until 2029. At Thursday evening's CU Astronomical Society meeting at the Staerke Planetarium, they'll welcome Melanie Archipley for a 7pm talk about astronomy from the south pole. Join us either in-person or online (cuas.org)!

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